



COMEDY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT

No. 16

10¢



In this issue



Another exciting  
adventure of the  
**SMOUL BISHOP**

# TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



TIM grins at young Jimmy Mackenzie on the set of "Masked Raiders," and gets a nice grin back. Notice Jimmy's two guns.



RODEO heads watch the contests in the arena, but Tim and Chito, standing near one of the chutes, have private business.



READY to grab, as the badman aims to fire, is Chito Rafferty. The rifle may go off, but the bullet won't hit anyone!

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TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



In "TERROR'S TREASURE!"

**W**HEN CLYDE PARKER BOKE DOWN FROM THE HORSEBACK HILLS INTO SUNSET HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A PACE OF RUMBLE. IT WAS OLD AND STUNNED AND ON IT WAS A SCREAM THAT SPILLED DEATH TO HIM...

**A**S HE PASSED A G-LOOMED ALLEWHY TWO HORSES THUNDERED DOWN ON HIM AND TWO MEN-BOGIES IN THEIR HANDS-BOGE STRAIGHT AT HIM...



FRANK BOYLE

**I**N A HOTEL ROOM, TIM HOLT WHIRLED TOWARD A WINDOW. HE DROVE STRAIGHT INTO THE NIGHT...

CHITL! COME HERE - THERE'S A FIGHT DOWN BELOW! TWO MEN AGAINST A YOUNG COWBOY!



THESE ARE GODS I DON'T LIKE!



# TIM HOLT



**T**HE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT DROVE HIM AND REASON FROM THE BAD MEN! THEN, IN THE DUST OF THE ALLEY, TWO FISTS HIT LIKE FLASHBOLTS.



**O**NE MINUTE LATER, IN A LITTLE ROOM AT A SMALL HOTEL, AT THE FAR END OF SUISETH'S MAIN STREET, CLIFF PARKER SMOOTHED OUT A WRINKLED SHEET OF CARBONMENT...



**O**WN ON THE STREET, TIM AND CHITO WATCH THE DISAPPOINTED BAD MEN WALK AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS...



# TIM HOLT

**I**N THE HOTEL, GROUND FLOOR, THIRTY MINUTES LATER...



THE HOTEL CLERK TOLD ME THAT HOLT WAS AN HONEST BANCHER. I'LL SLIP THIS PAPER INTO HIS COAT, THEN THOSE SCOUNDRELS WILL NEVER FIND IT!



HE'S PUTTING HIS COAT ON. HE'S GOING TO GO TO HIS BANK! GOOD! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I CAN GET BACK AND TAKE IT EASY... NO WORRY WHAT HAPPENS TO ME...

**F**ORTY LATER, AS THE MOON RISES HIGH IN THE DARK NIGHT SKY ABOVE THE SILENT TOWN...



HERE HE COMES NOW!

WE'RE ALL ALONE WITH HIM OUT HERE!



GO! MAN!

SLAP HIM WITH YOUR GUN!



I BLAPPED HIM!



**A** MATCH HASTILY LIGHTED, A QUICK SEARCH IN THE DARKNESS, A PAUSE, NOT ANOTHER BREATHING...

IT'S DONE! HE'S NO IT SOMEWHERE!

I'LL MAKE HIM TALK. I DON'T SPEND FIVE YEARS FIGHTING BRACHES FOR NOTHING!

**M**INUTES LATER, A BARKING DOG'S BARKING ESCAPED CLIPPING LIFE...



NO MORE NO MORE! THE GAPER... IN TIM HOLT'S COAT... AND IT THERE... AT BANNED TIME...

GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S HANG ON, LEW!



# TIM HOLT

**A** THE HALF-ODD, THUNDER-  
CHARGES BEFORE THE CHUCK-  
LING KNEE KNOTS IN THE T-BAR H  
BUNCH HORSE RIDEPLACE, HE  
KEEN EARS LIFT A BOWEL BUNGLER  
IN HIS THROAT...



**A** TENSING OF MIGHTY MUSCLES, A LEAP OF PURRED FURY...



**C** LIFT AND OVER HAN AND BRIST ROLL! THEY FIGHT  
LAVAGELY, BUT SILENTLY...



**HOLD HIM STILL,  
DAN! I'LL  
PUG HIM!**



**YOU'LL DO NO PUG-  
GING ON THIS RANCH  
HONORS!**

**COVER THE  
OTHER ONE,  
CHIT!**



**BET SEEMS THUNDER  
DES FOR BE DOING  
THAT, TINO!**

**BECKON WE'LL ALL BE  
TAKING A BEE INTO  
TOWN... TO THE GARDENS  
OFFICE!**



**ON THE WAY TO TOWN...**

**LOOKS LIKE  
DAN AND LENA  
PAILED!**



**SET THE HORSE  
AND CAPTURE 'EM!**



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

AS THE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE ROUND-ROUNDER AROUND HIS HEAD AND THE QUARRY BEING IN HIS EYES, THE BAD HATS LEAP ON CHITO AND CLIMB...



WHERE IS IT, HORSE? IF YOU DON'T ANSWER, YOU ARE YOUR PARDOS SERVING FROM THE NEAREST TREE...



NO! NO! I CAN'T LET MY HATRA COME TO CHITO... THE MAPS IN MY BOOTS! THE RIGHT ONE!



THERE'S NONE LIKE IT!



AS THE BOAT IS PULLED OFF, AND THE MAP WITHDRAWN...



GOY TO GET MY BALANCE! MAYBE I CAN OUTRIP THEM - TO THE EDGE OF THE CANYON...



GOY TO GET MY BALANCE! MAYBE I CAN OUTRIP THEM - TO THE EDGE OF THE CANYON...



THEY PRACTICED HANDS HERE A PERFECT TRICK. BUT TO HIS HORROR, HE LOOKS FALLS OVER A ROTTED STUMP - THAT FALLS LOOSE AS HE FALLS DOWNWARD WITH THE SPEED OF A HUNTED HARE!



# TIM HOLT

**W**HO THEN, WITH A FURIOUS JERK THAT ALMOST SNAPS THIS HANGAR FROM HIS SOLE, THE STUMP CATCHES ON A PROTRUDING ROCK—



GET TO... GET BACK UP... SOON AS I CAN! THESE THUNDERBOLTS WILL BE HUNTING MY DEAD BODY, FOR THE MAN I TOOK... ON THE CANYON FLOOR...

AT IN THAT TIME YOU ARE BEING ALIVE!

YOU WENT OVER THAT CLIFF LIKE A ROCK!

I HAD TO TAKE A CHANCE, IT WAS THE ONLY WAY... NOW—LET'S RIDE!



**W**HEN AFTER DAY THE TWO DANCE THROUGH THE DESERT ALL, BEHIND THEM, TRAILING AN ARMY OF HORSES BEING BLASTED WITH ONE THOUGHT—

AS SOON AS WE START THEN—WE START SHOOTING! MY NAME EVERY SHOT COUNTS!



UGGHHH...

DEYDLEHER!



STOP! DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE! YOU CAN HAVE THE MAP!

**S**OME HOURS LATER, AFTER CLIFF HAS WORKED OVER TIM AND DINTO WITHOUT REST...



YOU GAVE UP THE MAP TO SAVE OUR LIVES CLIFF?

SURE! THAT TREASURE WASN'T WORTH YOU AND DINTO BEING KILLED! NO TREASURE HERE!



—WHOW— THAT BULLET MUST'VE HURT ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT! I'M DEAD! THE GROUND IS SWALLOWING BACK AND FORTH... GOT TO GRAB ROCK... STEADY MYSELF!

# TIM HOLT

**S**TELL EVERY TIM CLIMBED WITH CHITO AND CLIFF UP THE SLOPES OF SHIRT MOUNTAIN AND AHEAD OF THEM, ENTERING THE MOUTH OF THE TREASURE CAVE ARE THE OUTLAW...

THEY FOUND IT! LOOK! THEY'RE GOING IN!

I'M NOT MUCH HELP TO YOU, I'M GETTING ANOTHER OF THESE DIZZY SPELLS!



WELL YOU ARE BE DIZZY, SO AM I!

DIDNT NO WONDER I FELT DIZZY. THIS IS AN EARTHQUAKE! THIS IS THE DANGEROUS CLIFF & DIZZY ABOUT! HERE IN EARTHQUAKE TERRITORY!



**A**S IF ALIVE, THE GROUND SWELL AND HUMPS BENEATH THEM FEEL! DIZZY CRACKS IN THE GROUND OPEN, THEN CLOSE! HELPERS BEFORE THE PORT OF NATURE, TIM AND CHITO AND CLIFF BARKER CRAWL ON THE GROUND...

LOOK UP THERE! THE CLIFFSIDE IS CRACKING IN! THE MOUTH OF THE TREASURE CAVE IS FALLING... BEING COVERED UP! THOSE DIZZYHOOTS ARE THERE... THEY'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!



**F**OR HELPFUL MINUTES, TIM CAN ONLY CLING TO DIRT AND HOPE THAT HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WILL NOT BE SWIFT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE OPENING EARTH, AND FINALLY THE QUAKE SUBSIDES...



WE CAN TRAP OUR STARS THOSE DIZZYHOOTS STOLE THAT MAP! IF THEY HADN'T, WE WOULD BE SEALED UP IN THAT CAVE — WITHOUT A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!

AS IT IS, WE CAN FREE THEM, THE THIEF UP, AND TAKE THEM TO THE NEAREST SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

ANY CLIFF CAN HAVE HERE TREASURE FOR HER'S ACTUALLY AN' HERE SISTERS!



**E**ARLY THE NEXT DAY THE MEN AND TERRIFIED OUTLAW FLEE FROM THE RE-OPENED CAVE-MOUTH...



WE'RE FINISHED! SOM'N THERE WHEN THE QUAKE STARTED — CURED ME OF TREASURE-BARKER! PERMANENTLY!

ME TOO!

**W**ITH THEIR PRISONERS TIED, TIM AND CHITO AND CLIFF BARKER FINALLY STAND UPSTAIRS BEFORE GOAL'S END — THE LOST TREASURE MAP OF THE BRANCH CONQUESTORS, CONTINUED!



IT'S A GOOD B RANSOM.

NOW NOW AN MY SISTERS WILL HAVE WHAT THEY'VE ALWAYS WANTED... MORE CLOTHES... A GOOD HOME... PLENTY TO EAT! THANKS TO YOU, TIM!

THE END

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

AND THE  
"BADLAND BRAVES!"



**U**P FROM TEXAS AND ARIZONA, DRIVING ALONG FOR HEAVY WEEKS AND MILES OF TRAIL, COME THE ROAD-BRANDED TONGUE HEADS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN RANCHES, ACROSS SWOLLEN RIVERS AND THROUGH RAGING DUST STORMS, INTO INDIAN TERRITORY.  
**A**ND THERE, WHAT SEEM TO BE MOUNTED INDIANS... JOE CONRACHES... OR DEASLES... OF ARAPACHOS... ALL WITH GLEETING SCREAMS AND THUNDERING BOWS AND BLASTING ARROWS ON THE RIDERS. NO MERCY IS SHOWN. THE FALSE INDIANS WANT CATTLE AND THEY TAKE THEM. WHOEVER STANDS IN THEIR PATH — DIES!

**W**HEN SMOKE AFTER SMOKE CASTS A FALL OF TERROR ACROSS THE WESTERN TRAIL, THE FIFTH CRAWLEY MOVES AGAINST THE REAL INDIANS. ON A BRIGHT MAY MORNING, A SILENT CRACK FROM A COTTONWOOD GROVE...



# TIM HOLT

ON A LITTLE ALL BUTTEREDS THREATENING HIS FIRM YOUNG LIFE, STANDS ONE-LE-LE-LE, CHILD CHIEF OF THE KODIA NATION...

TO THE ROCKS, MY PEOPLE! INTO THE HILLS: THERE THE BLUECOATS WILL NEVER FIND US!



FOUR GET YOUR BACKS READY FOR THE FIGHT, BUT...

WARCLUB AND SAGEE MEET IN MIDDLE, AS HATE-SPACE MEN STEEL AND STRUGGLE ACROSS THE DUSTY PLAINS! BLOWN! THE KODIA CHILD ENJOYS THEM! GOES FROM THE FIFTY CAVALRY...



FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

HERE AND THERE IN THE ROCKS, SOME STAND AND FIGHT

BLUECOATS GO NO FURTHER!

STOP RIGHT HERE!



...WHILE THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE THREE FLEES BETWEEN TWO TALL CLIFFS GOES!

MY FRIEND TIM HOLT, WILL HELP ONE-LE-LE-LE AND HIS RACE! TIM IS HONEST. HE WILL FIGHT OUT TO BLUE CORPS THEIR MISTAKE!



CLEVERLY DROPPING BACK ONE BY ONE THE KODIA BREAK UP THE FIGHT! THEY GO BACK AS THEIR BEST SHARP-SHOOTERS PIN THE BLUECOATS TO THE ROCKS UNTIL ALL HAVE FLED...

THE MOUNTS ARE LIKE GOATS ON THESE ROCKS! WE SLIP AWAY, BUT IT'S LIKE HOME TO THEM!



T THAT NIGHT A SINGLE HORSE FLEES LIKE THE WIND BENEATH THE SILVER MOON...

IT IS LONG RIDE, BUT MY PONY IS POWER, AND I AM YOUNG. WE WILL NOT SLEEP.



AND SO, ONE MORNING AT THE CORRAL GATE OF THE T BAR H...

IS GOOD SEE MY WHITE-BROTHER...

BOY—IT'S CHARLEY HELL! GRAB HIM, SOMEBODY! HE'S KEELING OVER!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER THE FIFTH COMPANY RODE FROM THE PARADE GROUNDS, QUICKLY ALARMED IN THE BRISKE APRIL FLOUNDER SHERIFF CLANGING, THE ORDER—DEATH TO THE KIOWA!



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



AND THEN, AS THE WHITE MEN TURN TO FACE THEIR PERSECUTANT PURSUER—





# the GHOST RIDER



OUT OF THE GREED AND FURY  
THAT WAS THE OLD WEST SOUNDS  
THE GALLOPING HOOFBEATS OF A  
GREAT WHITE STALLION, AND ON  
HIS BACK A GLOOMY FIGURE—  
SPECTRALLY WEIRD, SPECTRAL—  
FROM THE THROATS OF GOLD-  
GREEDY MEN, FROM THE MANK LIPS  
OF KILLERS AND OUTLAWS—A CRY  
OF DEAD RIDES, SILENTLY / THEY  
KNOW THIS MAN! THEY KNOW  
HIM FOR—

**THE GHOST OF  
THE GHOST TOWN!**



ON AN EARLY  
DREARY  
MORNING,  
FETTERED  
FEELS IN  
AT THE ALONG  
TRIP ACROSS  
THE SUN-  
POASTED  
SANDS OF A  
SOUTHWESTERN  
COUNTRY AS  
LAW AND  
MIGHT UP  
THE COOL  
WATERS OF A  
CANYON, A  
WINDSTORM  
BRINGS A  
BULLET OFF  
A ROCK!



WHAT THE—?  
DRYFOULCHERS!



POSSIBLY! THAT  
THESE HORRIBLE  
MEN SHOOT!

WE BETTER DO  
SOME SHOOTIN'  
OURSELVES. HE'S DONE  
STUMBLED RIGHT ON  
OUR FORTUNE!

# TIM HOLT



HUH! THEY'RE MIGHTY PERSISTENT! RECKON I'VE STEPPED ON SOMEBODY'S TOES — OR MAYBE SOMEBODY'S WOULD UP HERE FROM THE LAW AND KNOWS I'M A FEDERAL MARSHAL ...!



HE OBT, SPECTRE! FIRST THING YOU KNOW THOSE HORSEES WILL SURROUND US — AN' I'LL HAVE TO KILL ONE OF THEM!



BUT AS THE POWERFUL WHITE STALLION FIRES, THE THUNDER OF DISTANT MOUNTAINS STAGES ARE GAIN ...

SURELY UP NEXT! TAYLOR BLUE PERSISTENT! WHAT DO WE EVER DO TO THEM, SPECTRE? WELL, IF THEY WANT TO RUN — WE'LL SET A FAST PACE!

HEAN AND MERRY RACE MADLY ACROSS THE BATTLE-SCENE, UNTIL, AT LAST, SPECTRE'S HORSE'S BRACE TO A SLENNY HALL BEFORE AN ABANDONED SALOON IN A DESERT CANYON TOWN...



THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME, MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR MY PARTY TO WATCH —



— AND IN HIS PLACE — WILL APPEAR —



THE GHOST RIDER!



HE WENT IN HERE!

COME ON! WE'LL SHOVE HIM OUT!

MERRY HIM OUT, YUH MERN!

MERRY SALOON?



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE GUN TOWN OF TEN MILE, PRETTY STELLA LARSEN IS TALKING OF THAT SAME GHOST TOWN...

LARSEN, HUNT ANY RELATION TO OLD-ED LARSEN WHO USED TO OWN A HOTEL OVER IN BLUE MESA, THE GHOST TOWN...

I'M HIS NICE. I INHERITED THE SALOON THERE, AND THE LAND AROUND IT.



INHERITED THE SALOON? SAY—YUH AN'T PROBLEM' ON DOWN THERE, ARE YUH? THEY SAY IT'S HAUNTED. THREE ROSES CAME IN LAST NIGHT SINGIN' 'CAUSE THEY DEEN A GHOST—A REAL LIVE GHOST!

NOVENSSE, SIR! BUT THANK YOU, ANYHOW.



YUH HEAR THAT? SHE'S HEARD OUT TO TOWN TOWN!

A GHOST I DON'T MIND SO MUCH. WE DON'T WANT WHAT HE DO, BUT SHE WILL—'CAUSE SHE OWNS IT!

WELL, LET'S GOATLE IT AFTER HERE. WE CAN GET US OF A FUMME, BAWY!



HEARD AND UNHEARD BY THE THREE GUN-SLICKS, SHE FLEET MOVES FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE HOTEL...

BECKON IT WON'T BE EASY AS IT SEEMS, BENTE/I THINK THE GHOST RIDER WILL BE BASHING BACK TO THE GHOST TOWN—RIGHT FRONTO!



A MINUTE LATER, IN THE BARRY OFFICE OF TEN MILE...

DON'T KNOW WHERE YU FOUND IT, PURTY BUT FLY CLAM ON IT, QUICKLY! TALK STUFF ABOUT TWO THOUSAND IN GOLD TO THE TOWN, AND FOUR THOUSAND IN SILVER!

WHEW! JUST LIKE VIRGINIA CITY IN NEVADA, HUNT NO WONDER THOSE THREE HOMBES WERE SO TREASUR' HAPPY! WASHIN' THEY BEIN' DRINKIN' WATER RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR FORTUNE!



JUST INSTANT, AS THE BERRY MEN RUSH OVER THE GHOST TOWN OF BLUE MESA, THREE DARK FORMS DART ACROSS THE SILVER STREET...

SHE'S BRIDE, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! THE LIGHT JUST WENT OUT. SHE'LL SCARE PLUNTY WHEN BULLETS START SMASH' AROUND HER PURTY BARE!



THREE COLT REVOLVERS LEVEL. THREE FINGERS CRACK AND TWENTY ON THREE THUMBERS, FRAMED IN THE GUN'S! SIGHTS IS STELLA LARSEN—



# TIM HOLT



**YEEOWWWW!**  
A-A-A HAND  
JUST FLYING  
THROUGH  
THE AIR!



NOT JUST A HAND!  
A HAND - WITH  
A CLUB!



I'M GETTIN' OUT  
O' HERE / I WOULDN'T  
BE SURPRISED IF  
THAT WOMAN WAS  
A GHOST, TOO!

ARE YOU  
GOING  
SOMEPLACE  
HOMER?



**AAAGGGHHH!**

OH, I SEE!  
YOU'RE GOING  
ON A TRIP!



TO THE  
GHOST  
AGAIN!

I AMN'T COMIN'  
BACK TO THIS  
TOWN ANYMORE!

**YIII!**



THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM!  
I FOUND BLUE CLAY  
AND HAD IT ASSAYED.  
IT ADDS UP TO A FORTUNE  
AND IT'S ALL YOURS!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
IF YOU FOUND IT... HAD IT  
YOURSELF? THERE WAS NO  
MUCH EXCITEMENT  
LAST NIGHT - I'M SURE  
THREE MEN CAME INTO  
MY ROOM... BUT... I'M  
ALL UPSET!



NO NEED TO BE UPSET, MA'AM.  
THE FORTUNE IS ON YOUR LAND.  
THOSE THREE HORRIBLES WHO  
CAME HERE LAST NIGHT WANT  
IT. THEY THOUGHT TO SCARE  
YOU OUT AN' GET IT THEMSELVES!  
FILE CLAIM ON IT AN' YOU'VE  
GOT 'EM BEATEN!

I SEE.  
I'LL RIDE  
AT ONCE  
AND -  
THANK  
YOU!

# TIM HOLT

**THE GHOST**  
TOWN OF  
BLUE MESA  
IS MANY MILES  
FROM TEN  
MILE. THE  
WAY IS LONG  
AND HOT,  
TOWARD  
SUNSET,  
STELLA LARSEN  
MOVES THROUGH  
SUNBURNED FIELDS,  
UNWARE THAT  
THE THREE  
GUN SLUGS  
HAVE RACED  
BEYOND  
HER...



HERE  
SHE COMES  
NOW!

SHOOT HER DOWN!  
REMEMBER—THAT  
GHOST AIN'T HERE—  
NO, LET'S RIDE!

**LESS THAN A MILE BEYOND STYLLA, FRY  
POY HAS SHADOWED HER ALL DAY LONG.  
NOW HE SPEEDS FORWARD AS—  
THE GHOST RIDER!**



THOSE THREE GUNBOOTS—  
ON THAT RIDGE UP AHEAD,  
SPRINGING DOWN TOWARD  
THAT GIRL!



IT'S HIM AGAIN—  
THE GHOST!

STOP  
TALKIN'—  
SHOOT!



**SURELY—IS THE OUTLAW SHOOTING  
IN FRONT AND AWE—THE GHOST RIDER  
LOOSES HIS HEAD!**

**YAAAA!**

MY HAND IS  
SHAKIN' SO MUCH—  
I CAN'T SHOOT  
STRAIGHT!

**STARTLED AND SPOOKED, THE  
OUTLAW GUNMEN START RACING,  
WITH SHRIEL WHIMMERS OF FEAR...**



**A BLACK LAMBT?  
I'VE HEARD OF YOU!  
YOU'RE THE—  
THE GHOST  
RIDER!**

YES, MA'AM  
AND NOW—IF  
YOU'D DO ME  
A FAVOR...

CONTINUE ON INTO TEN MILE!  
TELL THE SHERIFF THREE  
OUTLAW WHO RIDE TO KILL  
YOU AND STAY. YOUR CLAIM  
TO THAT GOLD AND SILVER-  
GLAZED GROUND ARE HERE—  
JUST WAITING TO BE THROWN  
INTO JAIL!

I'LL DO IT, SHORT  
RIDER! AND—ALIVE OR  
DEAD—I'M GLAD YOU'RE  
MY FRIEND!





# The MULE And The TRAIN

IT WAS spring in the year 1888. All along the Santa Fe trail the wagons creaked and rolled, chained teams swinging under the jangling tail-gates, the whips of the bearded drivers snapping, the coons ploughing ahead across the dun wastes of southwestern Kansas. Part of a continent was on the march, sunlight glistening on the long rifles of the buckskin-clad trappers, and on the pistols in the holsters of the drivers.

Jeb Norwood stood in a clump of mesquite, fighting back the tears. Behind him was a charred cabin and three graves that he had dug himself. Paw was back there, and Maw, and little Chole. He had buried them, with his Paw's shovel, and now he was alone—twelve years old, with only a gun and Paw's lop-eared mule, Temper, to call his own.

"Mebbe they'll give me a place with 'em," he muttered to the big gray mule, staring at the oncoming wagons. "I can 'hnt water an' chop wood, Mebbe even I could get 'em some meat, if they'd give me some powder."

He was ragged and dirty, but there were muscles under his tanned skin, and his eyes were gray and direct. He walked like an Indian, with back straight and his long legs bent and sliding. The rifle hung, muzzle downward, over his arm.

A bearded driver saw him first and sent a stream of brown tobacco spewing beyond the rounded rump of his off-wheel as he jerked a thumb back over his shoulder at the boy's question.

"The wagon boss is five teams back, son," said the driver. "Ef'n he lets yuh stay with us, yuh kin sit up here with us. Gits plumb lonesome with only these dumb coons to palaver with."

The wagon boss was a lean man, big as the shoulder, with long yellow hair and blue eyes. He wore two patches strapped around his middle, with a Green River hunting knife in a head-decorated sheath. Jeb heard the man address him as Charley. His face was grave

as Jeb told what had happened. "Of course, son. We'll be. Especially since yuh own a— One or two of the men I others seemed indifferent. He the tall, lean man meant. He then asked, "I could stand a ball. Paw shot most of his own injuries."

A bearded man with a cross on his cheek grinned derisively. "I sat on the sand, Charley! W young 'un like him know 'no gun?"

Jeb felt the red flush tinge his cheeks as he drew himself up stiffly. "I got a Comanche yesterday. Only had two bullets!"

Charley laughed softly. He said, "All right, boy. You find yourself a wagon to latch onto, an' see me tomorrow."

Jeb found his driver friend and lashed the lead-string of the mule to a tailgate chain. Then he swung up onto the big broad seat of the Dearborn brand, the tobacco-chewing teamster. The man nodded at him, and grinned. "Glad to see that well-eyed mule o' yours, youngster. These new-fangled coons can pull a loaded wagon, but when it comes to—"

The driver shook his head and let his words trail off. From him, Jeb learned that this was one of a Dent, St. Vrain Company caravan, bound for Santa Fe. Its great wares and wagons were loaded with silk and muslin, guns and powder, glassware and silver. Every eye was on the lookout for Comanches of Kiowa, for they raided the wagons for its calafada, or horse herd.

"Seems they take a fancy to them knives we're packin', too," growled the driver, whose name was Brad. "An' beads, an' colored clothed. Huh! Reckon they'd plumb take everything that ain't nailed down tight!"

At night, young Jeb slept behind the shallow tail-gate, his small body packed into the narrow space under some bolts of silk. He would stare up at the stars and blink his eyes hard, remembering his mother's soft voice, and his father's hearty shout, and the happy laughter of his little sister.

And then, four nights after Jeb Norwood joined the caravan, he froze to silent immobility, as voices floated out of the night air near the tail-gate of Brad's wagon, where he lay stretched out.

"I tell ya, the time is now," said an excited voice. "They've come so far toward Santa Fe, they been't thinkin' on injun no more! Why, and about! There hasn't no more guards posted at night. Charley Bent is the pur' right now, 'stead of worryin' 'bout any redskins!"

Jeb remembered that hoarse voice. His memory called up a bearded face marked with

## TIM HOLT

... on the cheek. It was the  
lad born about shooting his  
'wings joined his. "But are  
sanches will split with us!"  
... the scarred-face man,  
... from beads an' cheap knives,  
... "What use they got for sil-  
... Can they use gold sand-  
... the toes of this rich wagon  
... we do this right!"

... and all, their voices fading. Jeb  
... sat, shaking with excitement.  
... peered over the side of the  
... the canvas hood. Then he  
... the belt-gate, leaped in, and dropped  
... down. He ran swiftly as his legs could  
... to Charley Bent's wagon.

... tall, lean man was sitting with his  
... propped to a big wheel, cracking his feet  
... for the night. He looked up curiously at  
... Jeb, then grew continuously sicker as Jeb talked.

"Ho," smiled Bent coldly. "Blackie Logan  
... figures to slide th' Injuns ag'in us, does he?  
... Young an, yuh did right to come to me. Now's  
... that made o' year's!"

Jeb grinned. "Gettin' fat an' away, lookin'  
... along behind that wagon."

Bent laughed. "I'm givin' yuh a saddle. Put  
... it on him. Take him ridin' out in front of the  
... train from now on. Yuh savvy?"

His heart thudding excitedly, Jeb nodded.  
The big man scooped and lifted a small por-  
celain bag. "There's powder an' ball in here  
for your rifle. I'll be keepin' an eye on yuh,  
son." Jeb grinned feignly, and his hand closed  
tightly over the beaded porcelaine bag. His  
heart thumped excitedly. It was a good feel-  
ing as he needed, Jeb thought.

He walked to Bent's wagon and unswitched  
the rope backstays that was tied to the end-  
gate. Leading Temper, Jeb walked through  
the starlight between the clamps of steel and  
oscuttle. His rifle hung, barrel downward,  
across an arm. His young eyes searched the  
horizon.

Jeb walked steadily through the game. A



mile or two behind him, the big vans were  
rumbling. And he, Jeb, was being trained to  
be lookout for all that wealth back there! A  
proud smile went through his veins—

Then Temper lifted his head and baysied!  
Jeb drove in his tracks. He had heard Tem-  
per bay like that before! It had been when  
the redskins were chasing at his Paw and  
Paw—

Jeb lifted his gun and fired three times,  
quickly, as fast as he could trigger his rifle.  
Three shots in rapid succession was the warn-  
ing of the plans. Now the wagon train moving  
slowly behind him a mile or more away would  
know that there were Kiowas and Comanches  
somewhere up ahead. The vans would begin  
their slow moving, the huge wagons would  
away as they were drawn into a tight circle!

Bent had known, as Jeb had, that a smart  
mule like Temper was worth his weight in  
gold to a wagon train. There was some lesson  
in mules that made them small out Injuns  
from miles away. That was why Bent had sent  
young Jeb out ahead to ride point—

Jeb choked. A feathered warbonnet rose up  
against the red horizon. He could see the bone-  
claw necklace, the metal armbands. A warponnet  
face opened a wide mouth that skirted a war-  
cry. An arrow chattered into the dust some  
feet beyond Jeb.

Jeb raised his gun and fired. He saw the  
Indian slip back over the ramp of his pony  
and drop lifeless to the ground. Jeb grinned.  
"Ho! Maybe now that man with the star  
wouldn't laugh at th' idea of me an' my rifle!"

There were other Indians now, riding to-  
ward young Jeb. He jumped on Temper and  
turned him, kicking his ribs with driving  
heels. "On a move on, thar, Temper! We got  
to beat them Injuns back to the wagons!"

Jeb turned on the mule and fired his rifle,  
again and again. Once he saw a white man  
sitting among the Indians throw up his arms  
and topple to the ground. "Berves him right,  
an' yeller varmint!" Jeb growled.

Now the wagons were in front of him, the  
pitiful wind bellying their big canvas cover-  
ings. Starlight glimmered on long rifle barrels  
poked out from behind wagon-bells and end-  
gates. Jeb could see Charley Bent standing  
with his fingers in his hands. Bent shouted,  
"Yuh're there, young an'! Maybe yuh'd better  
turn in—see if yuh can get some shuteys  
while we drive off them varmints!"

But Jeb shook his head and his eyes were  
staring. "No an, Reckon I can't sleep yet. I  
recognized one or two of those redskins. They  
killed off my Paw. I'd want to settle with  
them!"

And with head held high Jeb walked on to  
find a battle station, knowing that wherever  
his Paw was he would be looking at him,  
proud of him. . .

THE END

TIM HOLT

# WESTERN RANGE



**BOTALVE'S BRAVER** — THE GREATEST DEED OF COURAGE SHOWN BY ANY ORSED, TOOK PLACE IN SEPTEMBER, 1804, WHEN HINDAS ATTACKED AN ALL-TRAIN. BOTALVE, A YOUNG BOY, FIGHT FIGHTS IN AND THE CIRCLED U.S. SOLDIERS SHAKED — AND ESCAPED HAPPY.

**PARFLEONE BAG** — A BAWHIDE BAG USED BY THE PLAIN INDIANS TO CARRY FOOD OR CLOTHING, AND SOMETIMES EVEN WEAPONS. DECORATED WITH BEADS AND QUILLS, THEY WERE ORNATE AND BEAUTIFUL.



1800-1800.

A **WOTHEP** WAS A FIERCE SNOW STORM THAT STRUCK AT THE MONTANA AND WYOMING CATTLE RANGES. IT VERY FIERCE, IT RUINED ENTIRE RANGES. IN THE GREAT WINTER OF 1880 IT STREPPED THE RANGES OF MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS OF ITS CATTLE.



**GLOSSARY...**

**HAZE** — TO DRIVE AT A GOOD PACE, AS A HERD OF CATTLE  
**PULL STAKES** — TO GO NAUGH

**O**UT OF THE CLOUDS THEY CAME, THREE MEN, HARD MEN AND BOSS WITH A GUN IN ONE HAND AND A SPEED-BURN CURVE HOOKING THE FINGERS OF THE OTHER. BUT THEY WERE REAL. THEIR BALLS WERE KILLED, AND THEIR HORSES LEFT TRACKS UP TO A CERTAIN POINT. FROM THEN ON, IT WAS AS IF THE STRANGE RIDERS BALLOONED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH TO SOME REMOTE CLOUD-WALKY SMOKE HOUSE WHERE THEY WERE SAFE.

BUT TIM HOLT AND HIS PALLAS-LAND RAGE CATS, TANGLED WITH THESE WEIRD CHUCKLES, AND MANAGED TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE STRANGE RIDERS OF

## The Sky Riders!



THEY DROVE BRISKLY DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS THEMSELVES.



**B**UT BY THE TIME THEY GOT TO THE BLA BLA STAGE, THEY WERE AS DEAD AS YOU OR ME! ONE OF THEM FLUNG HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE LEAD HORSE, THE OTHER BLAZED AWAY WITH HIS GUN.



# TIM HOLT

**A** S HOP GENTRY FINISHED HIS TALK OF THE SKY ROBERTS, TIM DROVE HIS GLASS OF CHILLED TEA.

DO YOU THINK THEY COME DOWN OUT OF THE SKY, EH, POP?

I SAW 'EM WITH MY OWN GOOD EYES IF I HAD YOU TO BE PLUMBER CAREFUL NOW I WANT PEST BAGGIE VALLEY THAT'S WHERE THEM HOBBERED CREAKED



ORDINARILY, I'D LAUGH AT THAT STORY, CHITO BUT SINCE I'M CARRY MORE THAN FIFT THOUSAND DOLLAR OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY —



**F**OUR DAY AFTER DAY, TIM HOLT LOATHED THE MONEY IN HIS HAND. HE GAVE HEAVEN AND HELL FOR IT. HIS FRIEND'S MONEY-CRAZE FROM THE SALE OF HIS CATTLE IN ARIZONA, AND IT BEING ON HIS MIND, THEN EARLY ONE MORNING HIS HORSE BECAME TROUBLED AS HE IS TROUBLED BY SURPRISE.



I JUST OPENED MY EYES WHEN YOU LANDED ON ME!

WASNT AS WELL. SINE UP HOBBER



WE'LL HOLD HIM ALL!

SHOOT NOW!



**A**LMOST OUT ON HIS FEET BUT FIGHTING WITH DAZED FEROCITY, TIM CARRIES HIS ASSAILANT'S BACKWARD.

GET TO - HOLD HIM OFF - UNTIL CHITO CAN GET ME - A HAND!



BECAUSE THIS WILL GET HIM HOBBER!



# TIM HOLT

SALESTED RIDERS SLIDE FROM THEIR SADDLES. THERE IS DEATH AND DARKNESS.

WE ARE LUCKY FOR NOT BE DEAD, TIM! ONE OF THEM WAS HIT ME WHILE I AM BE STILL DREAMING DEN MY BEDROLL."



WE'LL REST UP FOR A FEW DAYS. GET OUR STRENGTH BACK. THEN WE'RE GOING BACK TO SAGLE VALLEY!

SEE BE GOOD IDEA TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE HORRIBLE, BUT FANCY AND FOLK IN TOWN. WHAT SET OFF BE THEY ARE FOR MORNING!



THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, WILDER TONGUES PAINT A SCENE PICTURE TO TIM.

THEY HOLD UP STAGE-COACHES AND TRAINS. THEY KEEP EVERYONE IN THE VALLEY PARALYZED WITH FRIGHT!

SURE, I'VE FOLLOWED THEM I SEARCHED WITH THREE POSSIBLE. I TELL YUH, THEY GOT MAGIC POWERS.

I HEARD RUMOR OF GOOD OVER MY BAR. THEY COME FROM THE CLOUDS! DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT THEY DO.



FIVE DAYS LATER, THEIR WATERS COASTED WITH FOOD. THEIR BIG CAMP TEAS FULLED WITH SPRING WATER. TIM AND CHET RALLIED INTO THE ROCKY HILLS.

I'VE GIVEN OUT THAT THOSE CHALKHOOPS KILLED ANOTHER THIRTY THOUSAND. I SAID IT WAS IN MY LEFT BOOT. I RECKON THAT OUGHT TO FETCH THEM AGAIN.



BUT NOW TIM NEVER SLEEPS AT NIGHT! HE DOOPS IN ONE IN THE SADDLE, BUT WHEN THE STARS COME OUT...



LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE CAUGHT A FISH - WITH US AS BAIT!

GOT YOU!



WHA--?

TIMONT IS GOING TO TELL A DIFFERENT STORY, WHISTLE!



# TIM HOLT



OUT  
HOLT!

HE'S LIKE A JUMPIN' JACK  
—BUT HE'LL BE A MIGHTY  
DEAD ONE RIGHT SOON!



SORRY, HOMBRE—  
I'M ALLERGIC TO  
LEAD—!



COMING  
UP!



WATCH OUT— HERE  
COME MORE  
OF THEM!

**B**UT CAN'T ACCURATE FIRE FOR  
A HANGING HOME NOT LEAD-  
EN ARGUMENTS IN THE FACE OF  
THE BRAGGING OUTLAW...

THEY BANGIN'  
CAN SHOOT LIKE  
A GUNNIN'  
GUN!

I BOUND 'BOUT  
YIN GENTS—BUT  
I'M HANGIN'  
OUT OF HERE!

ME, TOO!



LET THEM GO ONTO ONE  
THEM A HEAD START' WE'LL  
FOLLOW AFTERWARD. I  
WANT TO LEARN THE  
SECRET BEHIND THEIR  
JOURNEY INTO  
THE CLOUDS!



**A**FTER BINDING THE JACKSCOWL  
OUTLAW FOR THE SHOOT TO FIND  
THE POWELL PARTNERS HOME  
SWIFTLY UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS...

BY! BEY! FOW!  
THE TRACKS ARE  
ENDING HERE—

WELL—IT'S ALL  
MOST AS IF  
THEY JUST  
KEPT ON GOING  
—STRAIGHT UP INTO  
THE SKY—AS SURE-  
AND SURE THEY DO!



BEHIND THE  
I AROUND ITS  
MOUNTAIN, BARRLED  
THE CIRCLE

THESE ARE  
SOME SECRET  
TUNNELS, NO BEN  
ROCKS! WE  
NEED NOT SEE  
IT!

LOOKS THAT  
WAY, BECCON  
IT'S THERE!  
ROUND  
CHIT!

HOLD ON!  
THESE TAPE  
ARE NOW  
UP THERE!

WE CAN STILL GET  
THEM! DO NOT  
LIGHTNING!

**H**OURS LATER TIM SPRAYS BITTERLY  
IN THE NIGHT...

LOST THEM!  
WE'LL NEVER FIND  
THEM IN THIS CRAZY  
COUNTRY OF ROCK  
AND LAVA GROUND.

YES, THAT  
WE ARE  
BEATEN BY?

HAVE WE ALREADY  
BEATEN YET, CHIT?  
I'VE AN IDEA NOW  
WE CAN TRAIL  
THOSE BANNERS!  
REMEMBER THOSE  
MOUNTAIN GOATS  
HE SAW HEAD  
THOSE DRUMHOOTS?

TIM! ARE  
YOU COME  
LOOK! ARE  
YOU EXPECT  
THESE GOATS  
TO BE TELL  
US WHERE  
THE  
OUTLAYS  
ARE?

**N**EXT DAY —

THE MOUNTAIN  
GOATS WON'T TELL  
US BUT THAT GOLDEN  
EAGLE WILL...!



# TIM HOLT



WITH THE ABILITY OF THE MOUNTAIN GOATS THEMSELVES, TIM AND CHITO BOUND FROM ROCK TO ROCK, MOVING ALWAYS DOWNWARDS TOWARD THE CLIFF EDGES—



# TIM HOLT

**H**IS LEGS LIKE GRAY SPRAUCE UNDER HIM TIM LUNGES SOFTLY—



**T**HE GUNSHOTS BRING A FLOOD OF JUNKIES TO THE WINDOWS OF THE NEARBY HOUSES. CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE OF BULLETS, TIM AND CHITO RACE FOR COVER, AND DISCOVER—

THEIR CAVY! CHITO—THESE ARE THEIR HORSES! NOW I KNOW THEY HAVE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY OUT OF HERE TO THE HILLS. OTHERWISE THEIR HORSES COULD NEVER CLIMB UP HERE!



**W**ARRIED BY CENTURES OF TIME, BAKED BY SUN AND LASHED BY WIND AND RAIN, THE WALL TOPPLES WITH A CRASH OF ROCK AND MORTAR.



ONE DOWN—!

YES, WHAT'S LEFT TO BREATHING DOWN THAT WORRIES ME?



YES, VERY INTERESTING FACT—BUT HOW GOOD ARE YOU TO HELP US?



BECAUSE IT WILL LET US ESCAPE WITH THEIR HORSES UNLESS THEY SURRENDER—AND I HAVE AN IDEA OF HOW WE'LL MAKE THEM DO JUST THAT!

I'M GOING TO SHOW THESE TWO-FOOT-62 LAMENTS BEHIND THE RETAINING WALL, THEN GALLY THE ENDS AROUND THE SADDLE HORSES! THE HORSES WILL FALL—THE WALL WILL FALL—AND THE DRUNKARDS WILL FIND THEMSELVES ANCHORED UNCONSCIOUS!



**T**WO DAYS LATER, A TINY LINE OF DUSTY BECKRAGGLED "BAY HORSES" THE TWO EAGLE EXHAUSTED AND WORN...

DOGGONE! THEN TWO FELLERS WENT AN' DONE IT! GOT THE HULL GANG.

AN' WHAT'S BEING EVEN BETTER—WE TALKED THEM FREEFIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WHICH DON'T EVEN BELONG TO US!



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-ARROW-**

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